

HOW TO KEEP YOUNG.

HOW THE MIND CAN KEEP THE BODY FROM GROWING OLD.

The Rest That Wears Both Body and Soul—How Thought Can Build New Physical Structures—The Wise Man of the Future.

[Special Correspondence.]

BOSTON, April 30.—Healthy body, healthy mind. Old adage, convertible terms—healthy mind, healthy body. More yet, keep the mind young and fresh and you keep the body old. Worried minds, racked minds, fretted minds, sour, cross, ugly, early, peevish, sad, melancholic minds wear a young body into an old one ten, twenty, thirty years are its time.

Two-thirds of our old age, so-called, comes of rust, dead rust, treadmill lives, living in ruts, learning nothing new, declaring we're too old to learn.

Young man marries at twenty-three. Young woman ditto. "Settle down." Give up recreation, boats, balls, dancing, croquet, etc. Turn five-sixths of their lives into business and housekeeping.

Result at thirty-five: Young man's rut is worn too deep for him to crawl out of. Thinks he's seen about all there is in life to live for. Has settled down into eating, sleeping and pottering from store to house and house to store. Begins to "lay up" for old age. Sees himself in thought an old man. Result, he does grow old, acts old, thinks old, not knowing that thoughts are life things built out of highly rarified matter, that mind is at work in existence in every atom of our bodies, and that the mind full of fresh, hopeful, happy thought, and of plan, purpose and project, makes and keeps the freshest, strongest and most vigorous body.

Eriksen as alive with work and invention as ever at eighty-four; Gladstone in his seventies running England; De Lesseps canalizing and over-seventy; Victor Hugo hale and hearty at eighty or thereabouts; Peter Cooper unflagging in mental vigor up to his last moment, when over ninety; Beecher more powerful than ever and has long passed his three score—do not these point to greater future knowledge on this subject.

No need of a man or woman giving up and settling into old age and old ways and becoming "old folks" if the wear and tear of life has carved a few lines on their faces or whitened a few hairs. It's the giving up business that starts them on the down grade fast, stoops the shoulders, weakens the knees and ages the face. What a man or woman think of themselves inside that they soon become and show outside.

Some day not far hence a renovated very wise man will come to the front and show to the world what some already know, to wit: That thought is a substance, with possibilities concerning not mere longevity, but the full retention, if not increase of snap, vigor, vitality in brain and body up to date.

Is everything learned about everything yet? If one-fourth the attention was paid to the study of making stronger bodies and clearer brains that is now given to making money, wouldn't new truths and "big points" soon crop out somewhere? Is the human race at the end of its tether in the getting of knowledge?

Make up your mind to keep fresh. To "make up" your mind will from time to time, and all the time, keep bringing you new ways and means for keeping fresh. Don't live overmuch in recollection of old times, old associations. That's living in your back brain. That's looking back all the time. Bad practice. Mrs. Lot looked back. Salt. Keep fresh. Look forward. Just as good times in the future as in the past. Better. Sun's as bright to-day as forty years ago. Read Paul, "Forget the things that are behind, and press forward to those that are before." Looking always back is old thought. O. T. makes you old.

Eat live, fresh food. Fresh eggs, fresh vegetables, fresh fruit. Get life in it. Transfers such life to you. No economy in your provision because its cheap. Puts lead in you instead of life. Poisons your blood instead of enriching it. Makes your brain dull. Injures your purse. Bounces salted foods. Can't cheat your stomach that way. Fills up. Mainly with dyspepsia or some form of scurvy.

Live in the present and in all that's going on that you can take in, and also enough in the future to see what's coming. Don't cut off your lives with young people. Don't think you must keep the company of old putters (who have stopped growing and are dead but don't know it) just because they were born the same year with you. What's experience and wisdom good for if out of it you can't make yourself good company for a man or woman half or even one-third your age?

Wash off your dead skin often. Dead skin is part of your own corpse clinging to you. Body's done its part in throwing off dead matter through the pores. Calls on you to do the rest. Wash it off. Clogged pores, no draft for life's furnace. Life's fire there smolders. Hence you feel dull, sluggish, old. Skin breathes as well as lungs—or would if it could. One half the world's skins but half work. Result, loss of snap.

Don't keep old things around. Live in the new as much as you can. New houses, new clothes and among the kind of people that are newer every time you see them. Don't keep old clothes after you've worn all the life out of them. They're full of your old emanations. Full, in fact, of your deadness. Fact for future philosopher to build brilliant reputation on. Fact today, nevertheless. New clothes bring their own new life.

Can't afford 'em? Makes no difference as to result if you can't. Even snakes have more sense than to crawl back into their old dead skins. But serpents are wise, if they can't wear high-heeled shoes. No snake will wear his coat over a year. Some men wear theirs a dozen—for economy's sake.

Don't hurry about anything. Haste makes more waste of life's force than most of us dream of. Half our brain-softening, paralyzing, general debility comes of trying to do from one to four things at once. Trying to speak the body do one thing while half or

more of the mind is on another. Mind means force. Mind, thought and strength means the same thing. If a poet cuts down a tree the strength he puts in the ax might have written a poem. But he can't write the poem and cut the tree down together. One thing at a time. Don't hurry for anything or anybody. Let the boat go to thunder, the world to smash and the cars to the—off the track before you run for any of 'em. Better be left a dozen times than train yourself to be always in a hurry. One-third, at least, of our grown-up children are trained to the habit of hurry. Hopeless cases. Can't get out of it. Too late. Thinking of what's next to be done while trying to do what should now be done from morning till night. Pulling on pantaloons and thinking business, eating breakfast and thinking business, walking and hurrying to business. Awful waste of force there ate for, slept for and paid for. Think an orator could make a speech and turn a grindstone at the same time! Steam turned on two machines when there's hardly enough power for one. Result: poor speech, poorly turned grindstone, debilitated orator and old age at fifty.

Don't knuckle to the Old Fog, male or female, who tells you that because things have been so and so in the past, so must they ever be just so in all future. Nonsense. Same sort said a few things to Columbus, to Fulton, to Morse, to everybody who had a new idea. Bounce anybody who says "it can't be." Impossibility of to-day turns out possibility of to-morrow. People to-day average longer lives and fresher lives at sixty than they did forty years ago. Cause, more sense. Better care of bodies. Hundred years hence, if not sooner, some will be in their prime at eighty. Nothing wonderful. Just lies in knowing how to make new bone, new flesh, new nerve and new mind.

Get up and keep up as many new interests as you can. Learn to do new things with your hands as well as your head. Every new interest is a new grip on life. New occupations bring new thought. New thought is new life. "News" keeps half the people now from stagnating. Commence a new trade, a new art, a new study at fifty or sixty. Yes, if you have time and taste for it. It's a tonic. Many a rich invalid would get well if he'd apprentice himself to a blacksmith or a carpenter for two hours a day.

Half the old boys and girls are ashamed to begin learning anything new; ashamed to show awkwardness of beginner to younger people; want to keep up bogus dignity. Humbug. All outside; nothing but pretentious know-next-to-nothings.

Say you: "But I'm too hard pressed to make a living for self and family to commence any new ways at my time of life." Sorry for you. Result the same. Nature says, "Go this way." Nature says, "Go that." Nature says, "Rest and recuperate." Business, necessity, circumstance say, "Work and grow weaker." Well!

PRENTICE MULFORD.

DAINTY HOUSEKEEPING

Some Examples of Cozy Homes in Small Quarters in New York.

[Special Correspondence.]

New York, April 30.—Housekeeping in rooms does not promise much comfort to persons who live in half grown or overgrown towns. They picture it as they have too frequently seen it—a crowded, inconvenient, untidy, ill-ventilated existence, a cramped compromise between raw poverty and the borderland of respectability. All that and worse it often is, when attempted where there are neither material conveniences nor managerial skill to keep it from falling into unsightliness. But in New York one finds it perfected into an art, and by no means a low phase of art, either.

Here the whole tendency is to compactness and daintiness. It tends the hand of an artist to bring the crude complications of housekeeping down to a miniature compass and still keep the gloss of neatness and attractiveness thereon. The old saw says that anybody can work with plenty of tools, but only the expert workman can produce something excellent with few tools. On the same grounds it might be said that anybody can keep house nicely who has plenty of room to operate in, but only a genius can keep house beautifully in small quarters. Here such geniuses are found. The crowded condition of the city develops them.

It is wonderful what results in the way of cozy homes can be obtained in the most unpromising quarters and with the most inexpensive adjuncts when a tasteful and skillful hand directs matters. Housekeeping as well as everything else can be simplified, refined and beautified. The disagreeable features of it, the fuss and flurry and clutter which were once considered a necessary part of it by many of the rush-and-hurry order of housekeepers, have been thoroughly eliminated by the needs of this big city, where space is more valuable than anything else.

Sometimes wonder what one of the old-fashioned housekeepers, who went through the day at a breakneck pace and thought incessant work her greatest glory, would think if she could enter some little gem of a New York flat, no bigger than an old-time kitchen would be if divided into compartments, and see how smoothly roll the wheels of the ménage? She wouldn't approve of it, of course, because there is no fuss and hurrah about it—none of the signs of hard work, which she worshipped, and sacrificed her time to, and made everybody around her uncomfortable about. No, there is none of that in the perfected system of housekeeping as we see it here, where comfort, beauty and coziness join hands to make three or four rooms into a home.

I have a friend whose little home of three rooms is more exquisite in its atmosphere of refined comfort than any elegant mansion I ever entered. She "does her own work," for that is one of the beauties and pleasures of the condensed system of housekeeping—no servant to bring disorder into the little bower of home under pretense of "doing the work." The "work" in this case isn't difficult, because, although she and her big son, who occupy all three rooms, have every comfort they need, her ability to plan unerringly and execute skillfully and speedily is so great, and the conveniences for such a style of living so numerous here, that the actual labor is only enough to interest her. Being a person of fine education, much cul-

ture and extraordinary taste, when riches took unto themselves wings and flew away, she knew how to rob Poverty of his external hideousness. Only an artist could so effectively reconcile these two mortal enemies, Beauty and Poverty, and get good service from both.

How does she manage to get much out of little? Some one asks. By being painstaking; by bringing to the work of home-making as much interest, thought and ability as she would bring to the work of writing a poem, painting a picture or rendering the leading rôle in opera, had she been born a writer, painter or singer. She takes pride in her work, and the results justify it. Some women are ashamed of doing housework in their own homes. If they cook a meal, or try to, they feel degraded and injured most likely, and wind up by getting irritable and insult somebody while they are eating it. The truth is, efficiency in any useful direction should cultivate self-respect, and is bound to command the respect of others; and when a woman brings intellectual ability to the work of housekeeping, instead of the work degrading her she refines it.

But I must tell you how my friend's home of three rooms is arranged. It is the entire top floor of a house, not a flat. The largest room is the sitting room and her own bedroom, the inevitable and somewhat ornamental upright folding bed doing heroic duty as a mediator between comfort and "looks sake." The floor is carpeted with fresh and pretty colored matting, with a bright rug in the middle. There are soft, cream-colored curtains, inexpensive but most tastefully banded and looped with warm-faded satin and ribbons. There are odd bits of furniture that fit well in odd places, a few easy chairs, and a good broad, comfortable lounge. There is a small East-lake bookcase full of books; there are a few, a very few, good pictures, and a small number of ornaments. The entire furnishings of the room would sell for a song, as the saying is, but everything is so immaculately clean, and arranged by such a deft and tasteful hand, that the effect is that of perfect harmony, sweetness and cheeriness. The walls are papered with pale yellow and cream colors, which light up day or night, and add to the sunniness atmosphere which is a part of that room winter or summer.

The second large room is divided into two compartments by means of the useful and picturesque portiere. One-half is the son's bedroom, which is as dainty as a doll's house; the other is converted into a kitchen, which might be mistaken for a mimic cook-room, so tiny and orderly are all its belongings. Its mistress has an eye to ventilation, as well as to other things. The cooking is all done on a gas stove handsome enough to adorn a parlor, and loud smells of fries and broils are unknown there.

The third room—a narrow hall room, which some housekeepers would scarcely know what to do with—is converted into a dining room, so wonderfully attractive that one never sits down in it without marveling that human ingenuity could bring such a picture of comfort and beauty out of such meagre materials. And the meals that are spread there, though always simple, are exquisite, combining the perfection of cooking with the daintiest serving. And it is all done without any appearance of fuss or worry. The big son has been taught how to help in various ways, and "his little home, kept up on a minimum of money and a maximum of skill, is an example of the fact that a home rests not upon a solid monetary foundation alone.

To be sure, no coarse work like washing is done there, nor would there be any economy in having it done there. In no place, urban or suburban, is washing done better or cheaper than here. The competition in that line of labor is great.

Somebody once said of this lady: "If there is any poetry in housekeeping Mrs. C. will find it." What a pity others do not find it also. Yet she is not an isolated exception here. I know many women equally artistic in keeping house in small quarters. I recall one who has a charming little flat of five rooms, and does the work for a household of three—herself, husband and son. The flat has every convenience necessary to make labor easy. Her kitchen is carpeted and is as sweet and orderly as a flower garden, and she is happy in the management of her little kingdom. She said to me laughingly one day:

"How we do learn wisdom from experience! Once I thought that to live in rooms and do one's own cooking was about the forlornest fate that could overtake one; and when the cooking was done on a coal oil stove I thought the depth of domestic wretchedness had been reached. Now I am doing that very thing. I cook on a coal oil stove in summer, and find it a pleasure too, and never in the days of our financial prosperity was I as happy as I am now. Something useful to do that one can improve upon all the time is splendid medicine for sick souls. I have so perfected my system of housekeeping—have learned how to economize and have the best at the same time—that I sometimes feel tempted to write a book about it. There is so much pleasure to be got out of it that I would like to enlighten other women who fancy that housekeeping under any circumstances must be a disadvantage."

I know another woman, well-known in the world of letters, who is also an artist in housework. Her little flat is conducted as smoothly that one never notices when the work is done. Yet she is her own servant. She entertains company, too, and you think when at her table, which is always as attractive as a "dream of fair women," that housework has no mean phases, because none are visible there. She does a great deal of literary work, as well as her own housekeeping. In New York there are but two meals a day to serve, breakfast and 6 o'clock dinner. The best part of the day lies between them.

Many actresses consider themselves favored by the gods when they return from a winter's travel and can rent a couple of furnished rooms and do "light housekeeping" till they start out "on the road" again. It is the nearest approach to a home and real domesticity that they can have in their unsettled life, and they are grateful for it, considering it a luxury far above any phase of hotel life. Weary of contact with people and sick of indifferent cooking, they find rest and change in setting up these miniature establishments and operating them them-

self. Some richer ones rent and furnish flats, which they shut up when they leave for short absences and thoroughly enjoy when they return to the city. Indeed, some of them have very strong domestic leanings; and if they could not devise some way of shutting themselves away from others for a time the attrition of life would become unbearable.

Nowhere in the world is there so much longing for homes as in New York. The boarding houses reek with homeless women, who talk and plan together, day after day, about "taking flats," or houses, or something in the shape of a home, and alas! too often fail to even get within sight of the land of their dreams. Rent, furniture, coal, gas, all these grim lions stand in the way and are to be conciliated out of slender pocketbooks.

Some grow old talking about it without ever getting a foot nearer the realization of it. They live in all sorts of cramped rooms, mixing with great herds of boarders, with a patience that might well be said to be sublime. They are buoyed up by the hope that some day they will have a little flat of their own, which will be literally their castle.

GERTRUDE GARRISON.

THE COLONEL'S REBUKE.

An Occasion When the Boys in Gray Were Not Exactly Consistent.

[Arkansas Traveler.]

Ex-Congressman Gunter was, during the war, a proud and impressive officer. He was not afraid of the enemy and never sought a chance of keeping out of harm's way, but it was a well known fact that the clanking panoply and turkey-gobber strut of war was to him quite as interesting as the gleam of the bayonet or the "cannon's opening roar." In January, 1863, Gunter marched his men from the northwest down to the capital city. While the men were halted on the opposite bank of the river, Gunter went over into the town, and while there became acquainted with several young ladies. In the presence of these ladies he decided to make an impressive show; and he told them to stand upon the hotel balcony, to be cheered by his troops as they passed.

"Now, boys," said Gunter when he had gone back to his men, "when you cross over I want you to march just as gracefully as you possibly can. A party of ladies will be standing on the hotel balcony. When I take off my hat and shout, 'Three cheers for the ladies of Little Rock, Jeff Davis and the Southern Confederacy,' you must all cheer."

The men were not in a cheering humor. They had marched through many miles of snow. The peacock feather to them, while it might have been picturesque, possessed not that great charm which lurks around a loaf of bread and a place to sit down. Just before arriving opposite the hotel on the balcony of which the ladies stood, one of the officers said:

"By-ye, we've got enough of this foolishness. Don't open your mouths. Pass it along the line."

The word was passed along. Gunter took off his hat, waved it and exclaimed: "Three cheers for the ladies of Little Rock, Jeff Davis and the Southern Confederacy."

The men were marching in the most zig-zag and slatternly manner. No one cheered. Gunter "ducked" his head and breathed an oath as long as a plowline. Shortly after the soldiers passed the hotel, a yellow dog ran into the street. Then the men yelled. Gunter raved. Standing upon his stirrups he exclaimed: "Oh, yes, dang you. You can't cheer a party of ladies, but you can cheer a dang yellow dog, dang you."

Never afterwards did Gunter place so much confidence in his men.

Stonewall Jackson's Compliments.

[W. G. E. in Chicago Times.]

I think that it was on the day of Fort Republic (if my memory be not at fault) that Gen. Jackson had ordered A. F. Hill to take a certain position and hold it. He and some of his staff were sitting on horseback on the top of a hill, in the drizzling rain, trying to see what was going on in various parts of the field. "Jackson," as one of the staff recently said, "was the dingiest looking man in the crowd, as usual; he had on the same old cape, that was once gray, but was now a yellowish brown, the same old clothes that he had worn when he brought those cadets from the institute on that hot day, and the same cap whose brim had hid the clock from his vision on that day; and the water pouring off him at every corner, and off his angular, raw-boned sorrel (that he bought from a drove at Harper's Ferry for \$300 in gold, and which is now one of the curiosities at the New Orleans exhibition), did not improve the general appearance of the motionless figures."

A. F. Hill was holding an important position, and the enemy knew it, and were making things very hot for him. Finally an aid came up at a gallop. "Gen. Jackson, Gen. Hill presents his compliments and says that his ammunition is getting wet, and he wishes to know if he cannot retire." There was no silent debate on Jackson's part; almost immediately came the answer: "Give my compliments to Gen. Hill, and tell him that the enemy's ammunition is getting just as wet as his is. Water won't hurt his bayonets."

A Pointer on Child-Raising.

[Rochester Democrat.]

I was walking up Elm street the other day when I noticed a boy, about 3 years old, playing in a yard. He was all bundled up, and was about twenty feet away from the porch of the house. He couldn't go any further, as he had on a kind of a harness made of red flannel straps, and a rope fastened to a post of the porch was tied to it. You see, all his mother had to do when she wanted him was to pull in on the rope.

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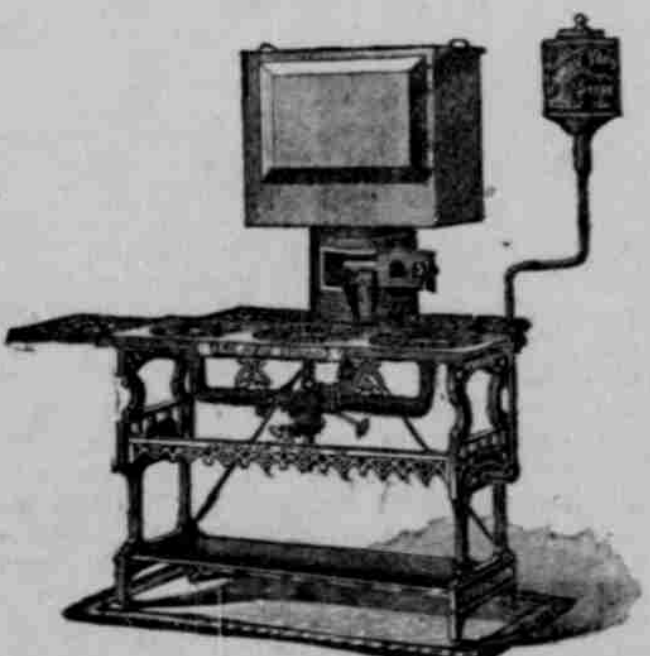
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